



Girls' School from **HECK** Part 3 of 3

EXCALIBUR™

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



FREE-FOR-ALL!

STAN LEE PRESENTS CHRIS CLAREMONT'S
FOND--ALBET FRANTIC--FAREWELL TO EXCALIBUR

SCHOOL SPIRIT

(or Cheerleaders from HECK)

THE FINAL INSTALLMENT (YAY) OF GIRLS' SCHOOL FROM HECK!

GREVILLE-BY-EALING STATION, IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND, SERVING ST. BEARLE'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES...

COME ON, BRITAIL,
GET A WIGGLE ON, YOU
PLANNING TO MAKE US
WAIT ALL DAY?!

WHERE IS
THAT BLASTED
TRAIN?!

BE PATIENT,
MR. REEVE. IT
WILL COME
WHEN IT
COMES.

PROBABLY
WHEN WE'RE
DEAD OF SHEER
BOREDOM OR
OLD AGE.

A TEACHER'S
DUTY, SIR, IS TO
SET AN EXAMPLE
TO HIS PUPILS,
NOT THE OTHER
WAY 'ROUND.

YES,
HEADMISTRESS.

DO YOU REALLY
BELIEVE THIS TRIP
TO LONDON HAS ANY
HOPE OF
SUCCESS?

PARDON
THE CLICHÉ,
BUT THERE
IS ALWAYS
HOPE.

AND ONE
NEVER KNOWS,
TILL ONE
TRIES.

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT
& RON WAGNER

ABLY AIDED AND ABETTED BY

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LETTERER

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HE-WHO-MUST-BE-OBEYED

CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS CREATORS

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BRITAIN'S 1ST PROFESSIONAL "AMERICAN" FOOTBALL TEAM THE BRITISH YEOMAN

COURTNEY ROSS WAS ONCE A STUDENT AT ST. SEARLES.

IF HER BANK CAN PROVIDE THE MONEY REQUIRED TO PAY THE SCHOOL DEBTS...

PRETTY BIG "IF" MISS RUTHERFORD, CONSIDERING THE HARD TIMES.

AND EVEN IF YOU SUCCEED...

...WON'T WE BE EXCHANGING ONE MOUNTAIN OF DEBT FOR ANOTHER?

MERELY POSTPONING THE INEVITABLE?

IN THE END, WE'LL STILL HAVE TO PAY...

...OR CLOSE.

WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO NOTHING, SIR?!

AND SEE OUR STUDENTS SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS?!

TO HOMES WHERE THEY'RE NOT WANTED, AND PARENTS WHO COULDN'T CARE LESS?!

ST. SEARLES IS THE ONLY STABILITY MANY OF THESE CHILDREN HAVE, THEIR ONLY CHANCE TO MAKE SOMETHING FINE AND DECENT OF THEIR LIVES! AND I SHALL NOT SURRENDER IT, OR THEM, WITHOUT A FIGHT!

FORGIVE ME, MR. REEVE.

MY OUTRAGE AT THIS SITUATION PROMPTS ME TO FORGET MYSELF AND TO ACT AS I SHOULD NOT.

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU BEEN EXERCISING THE SENIOR GIRLS TO EXCESS IN THEIR ATHLETICS?

THEIR NATURAL STATE THIS PAST FORTNIGHT APPEARS TO BE ONE OF PERPETUAL EXHAUSTION.

HEY, MISS RUTHERFORD...
--HERE'S YOUR TRAIN!

I SHALL TELEPHONE
THE SCHOOL DIRECTLY
WHEN I HAVE ANY NEWS.

HAVE A
NICE TRIP,
MISS R.!

BEST OF
LUCK,
HEAD-
MISTRESS.

POOR OLD DEAR, TALK ABOUT
YOUR EXERCISES IN FUTILITY

A BETTER CHANCE
WAS HAD, PRYDE...

YOU DON'T
THINK SHE CAN
PULL THIS
OFF?



SUIT
YOURSELF,
HUNSTMAN.
JUST BE
SURE TO BE
BACK BY
DINNER.

EVEN THOUGH
THE HEADMISTRESS
IS AWAY AND THE
SCHOOL'S ON ITS
LAST LEGS...

...RULES ARE
STILL RULES.

TRUE
ENOUGH.

BUT SOMETIMES,
THEY'RE MADE TO
BE BROKEN.

ALL RIGHT,
EVERYONE--
Phweet!
--GET
YOURSSELVES
DOWN HERE, ON
THE DOUBLE!

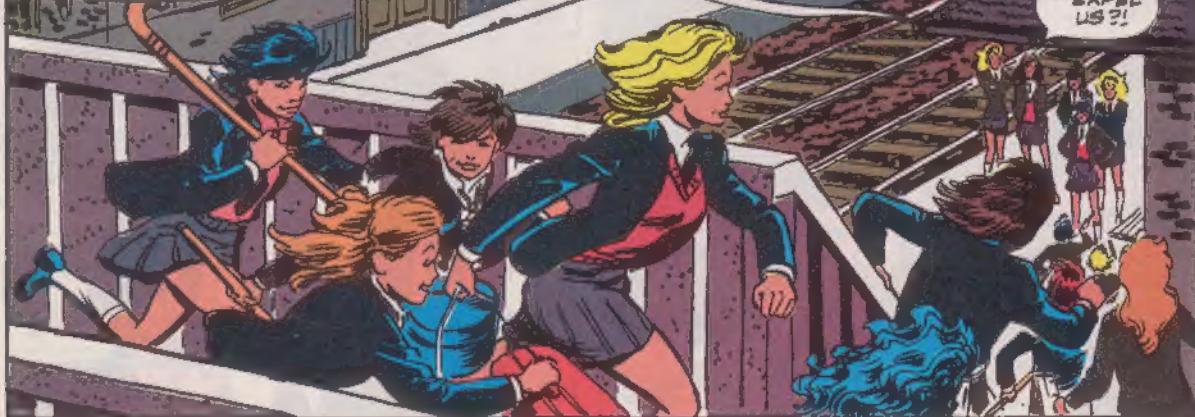
YOU KNOW, PRYDE, BAD
ENOUGH THIS CAPER INVOLVES THE SENIOR
GIRLS...

...BUT IF MISS R. EVER LEARNS
WE DRAGGED ALONG THE YOUNG-
EST CLASS AS WELL--!

AS I RECALL, THEY
BLACKMAILED US INTO
LETTING THEM.

BESIDES, PHOEBE,
WHAT'S SHE GOING
TO DO--

--EXPEL
US?!







BRITISH RAIL
PADDINGTON,
PASSENGER
SERVICES?

I'M RINGING WITH AN IMPOR-
TANT MESSAGE FOR MISS
AMELIA RUTHERFORD, ARRIVING
ON YOUR ONE-TWENTY INTER-
CITY SERVICE.

PLEASE INFORM HER THAT
MISS ROSS OF FRASER'S BANK
HAS BEEN UNEXPECTEDLY
CALLED TO SCOTLAND...



A BOOKING
AND FIRST-
CLASS
TICKET...

ARE WAITING
FOR HER AT
ELSTON
STATION...

...AND ANY
ASSISTANCE
TO ENSURE SHE
MAKES THAT
CONNECTION...

...WILL BE
GREATLY APPRECI-
ATED.



SAME MORNING...

...SALISBURY PLAIN...

...FAMED THE WORLD OVER AS THE LOCALE OF STONEHENGE (NOT TO MENTION AS A SETTING FOR THE BEATLES'—ANYBODY REMEMBER THEM—SECOND FILM, "HELP!"

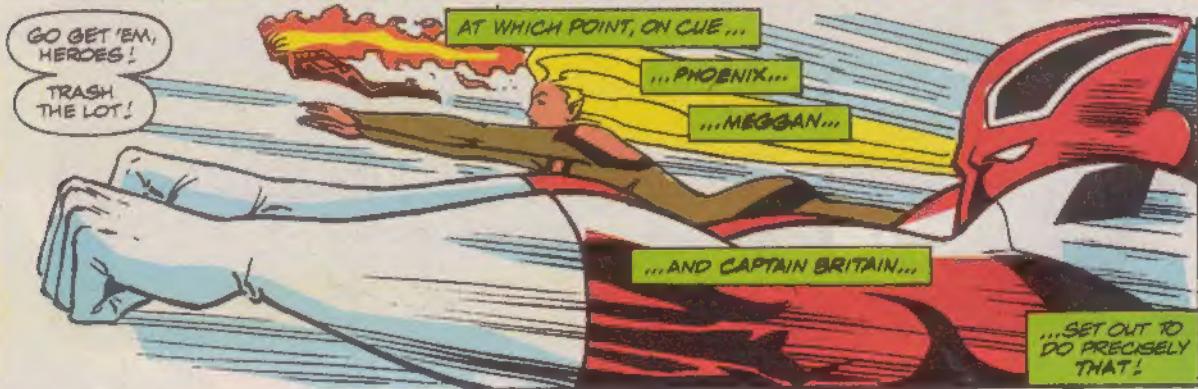
BUT ALSO WELL KNOWN (IN CERTAIN CIRCLES, THAT IS)...

...AS THE PRIMARY TESTING AND MANEUVER GROUND FOR BRITISH MILITARY ARMOR.

ALL IS IN READINESS,
MESMERO.

MANY THANKS,
PROFESSOR STUART.

BY ALL MEANS,
THEN...







MEANWHILE, FURTHER ALONG THE RAILWAY LINE TO LONDON...



GEEZ LOUVEZ, GUYS, C'MON...

...YOU GOT THIS RIGHT AT YESTERDAY'S PRACTICE.

CUT US SOME SLACK, PRYDE. THAT WASN'T ON A MOVING TRAIN.

WHO SAID THAT!?

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, VERONIQUE, NO SWEARING, MISS RUTHERFORD WOULDN'T APPROVE!

THAT'S IT!

ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF ANY OF YOUR BRATS, SHELBY AND I SWEAR!

I'VE HAD ALL I'M GOING TO TAKE FROM YOU ROTTEN LITTLE PERISHERS!

FINK-MINOR, CONSIDER YOURSELF TOAST!

STEP KICK
KICK STEP STEP
KICK--

--NO!

BACK OFF, VERONIQUE!

GODS FOR YOU TOO, KAREN!

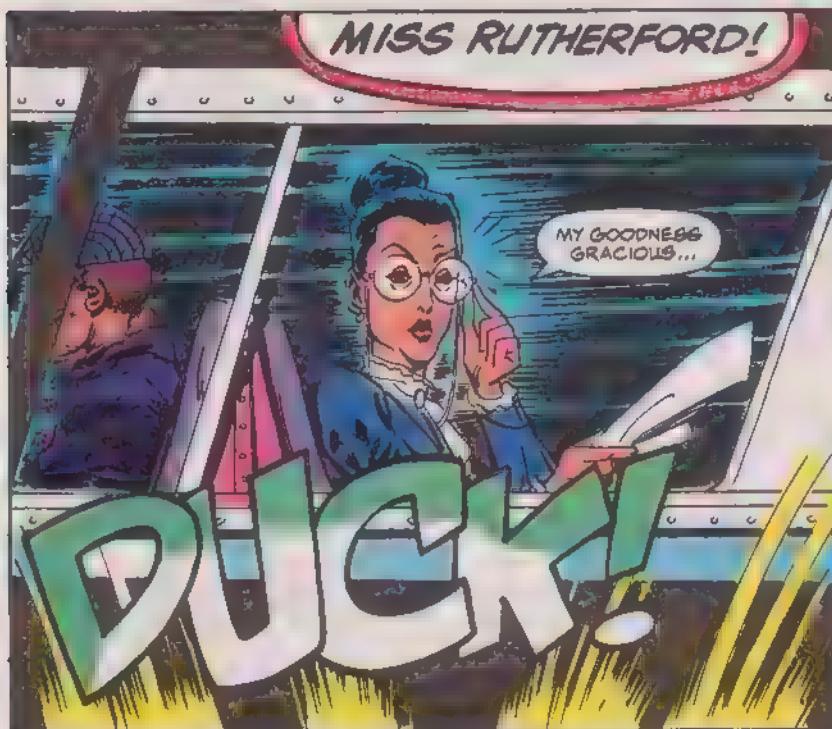
I MEAN IT, THE PAIR OF YOU, BEHAVE!

VERONIQUE--
YOUR HANDS!

IT--IT WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
PRYDE'S BODY,
LIKE SHE WAS A
GHOST!

I WANT HER
AUTOGRAPH!





WEMBLEY
STADIUM

-BRITAIN'S PREMIER FOOTBALL STADIUM, CRAMMED TODAY TO THE PROVERBAL RAFTERS WITH WELL OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE (NOT TO MENTION THOSE WATCHING ON TELEVISION). .



NOT TO MENTION THE CHEERLEADING COMPETITION SET FOR HALF TIME.

THEY'RE ALL SO HUGE!!

IS THAT BODY ARMOR THEY WEAR?
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CALL IT, THIS ISN'T PROPER FOOTBALL!

HEY, GIMME A BREAK!

I DIDN'T INVENT THE FLAMIN' GAME AND I DON'T PLAY IT, OKAY?!

TOUCHY TOUCHY,
PRYDE!

THIS ISN'T
THE TIME FOR
AN ATTACK OF
NERVES.

BESIDES,
I THOUGHT
YOU SUPER-
FOLK WERE
ABOVE ALL
THAT.

A'LL EAGER TO SEE THE YEOMAN MATCH THEMSELVES AGAINST ONE OF THE N.F.L.'S MOST FORMIDABLE TEAMS--THE NEW YORK GIANTS.

WHAT CAN I SAY,
FEELS, I'M ONLY
HUMAN.

'ERE YOU GO,
LADIES.

WE'VE MORE
CONTESTANTS
THAN SPACE..

...SO I'M
AFRAID
YOU'LL
HAVE TO
SHARE.

PRYDE, THIS IS THE TEAM'S PROFESSIONAL AMERICAN CHEERLEADING SQUAD!

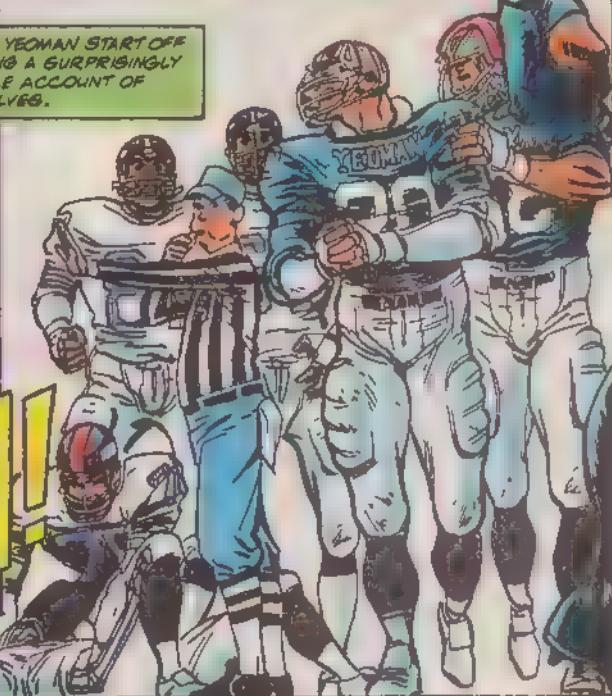
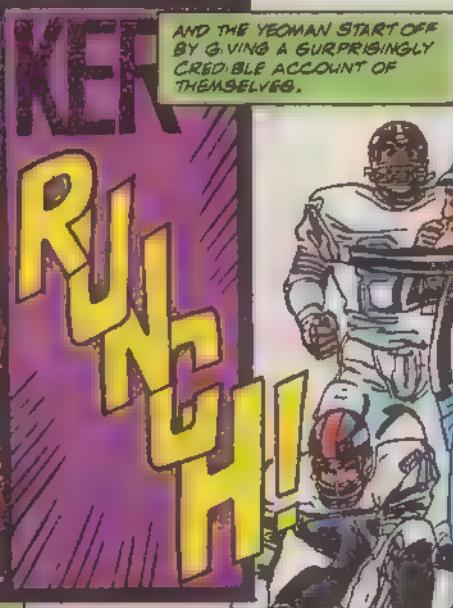
YUP.
THE ONES
WE HAVE
TO BEAT



WHY, ISN'T
THIS SO
SWEET?

WE'RE COMPETING
AGAINST
CHILDREN!

THE GAMES BEGIN.



SERVING NOTICE THAT WHATEVER ELSE THIS GAME MAY BE, IT WON'T BE A ROUTE.

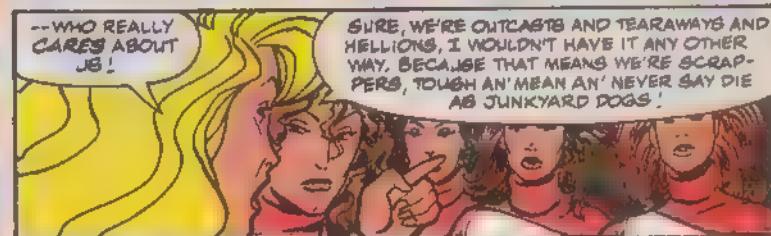
ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF LIVING IT AS A BLONDE.

IN YOUR CASE, PRYDE, ALL THE WIBS AND SNAPPY AD SLOGANS IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

IS THAT GOOD OR BAD?

LOOK AT THEM

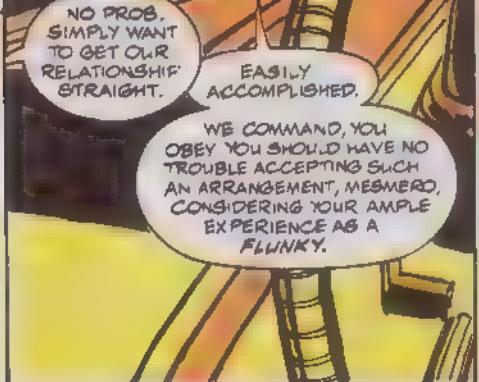
IN THEIR MINDS, THE CONTEST'S ALREADY OVER.

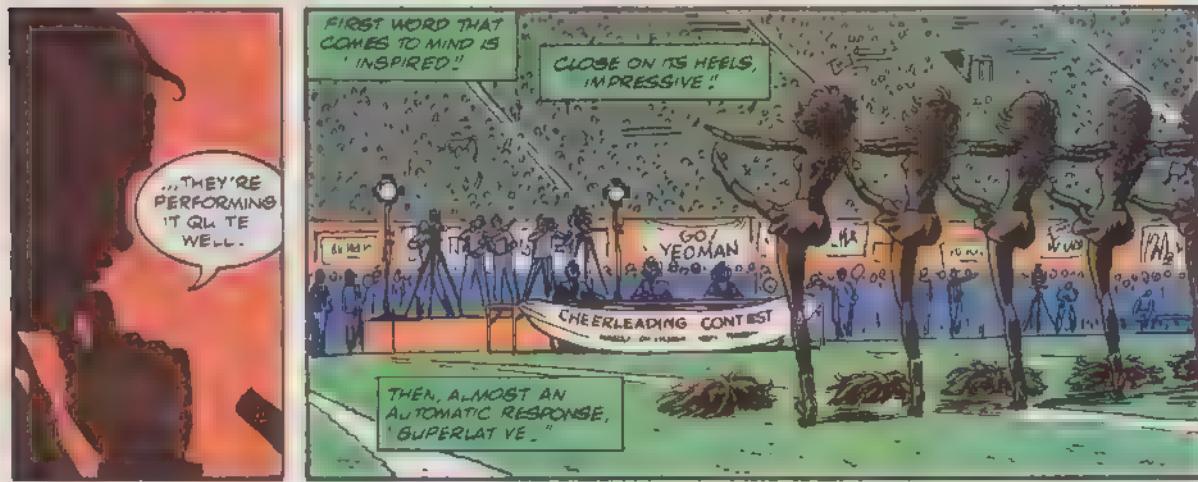
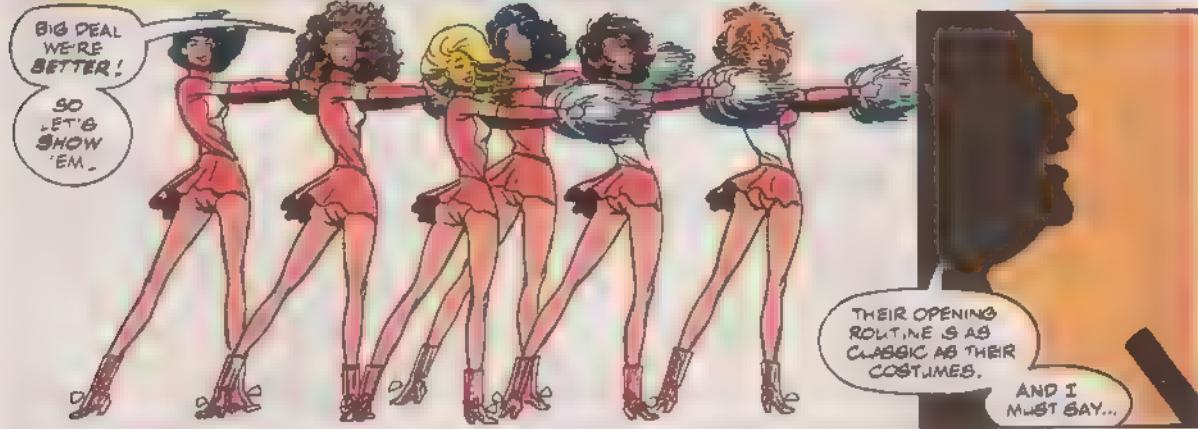


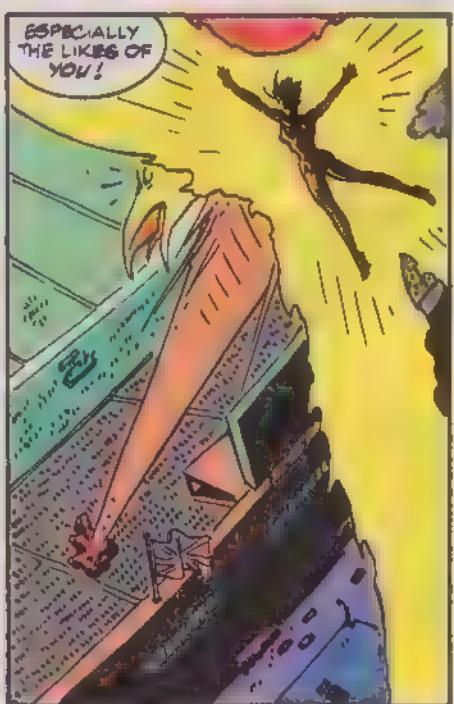
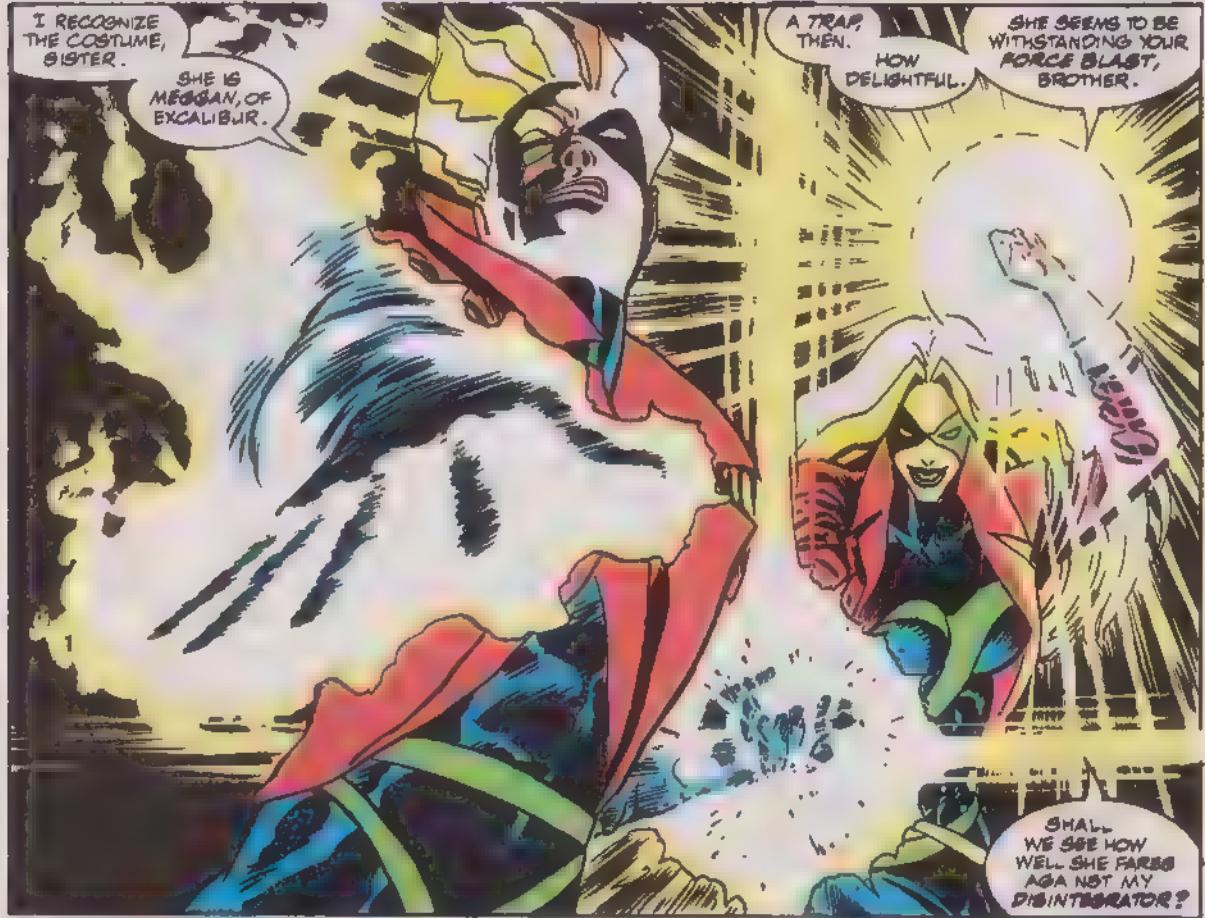
MEANWHILE, BENEATH
ANOTHER SECTION OF
THE GRANDSTAND...

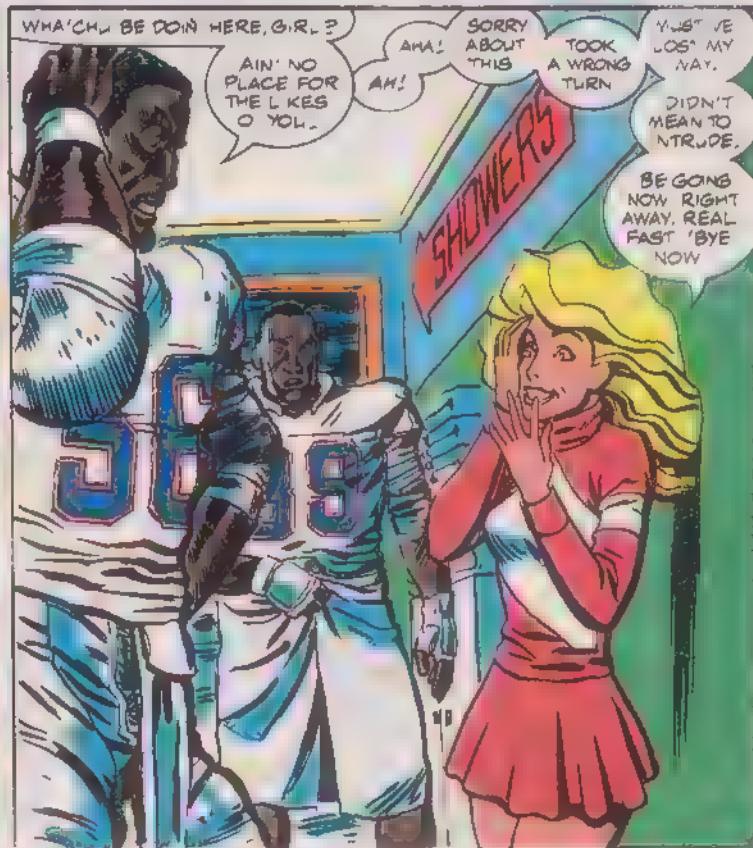


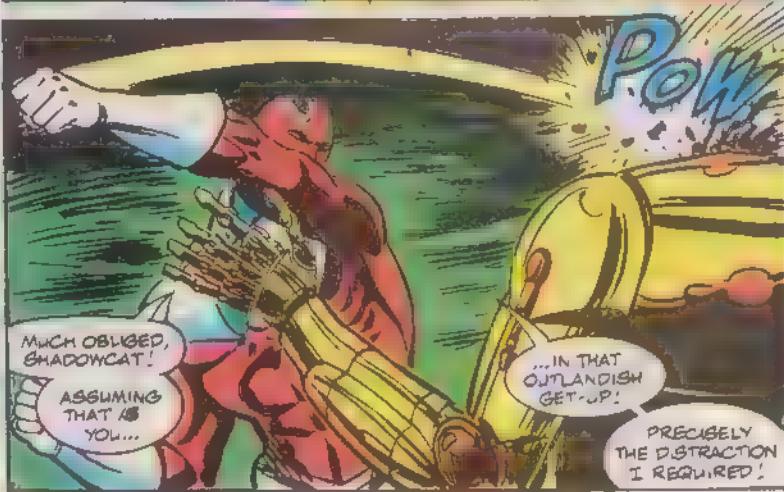
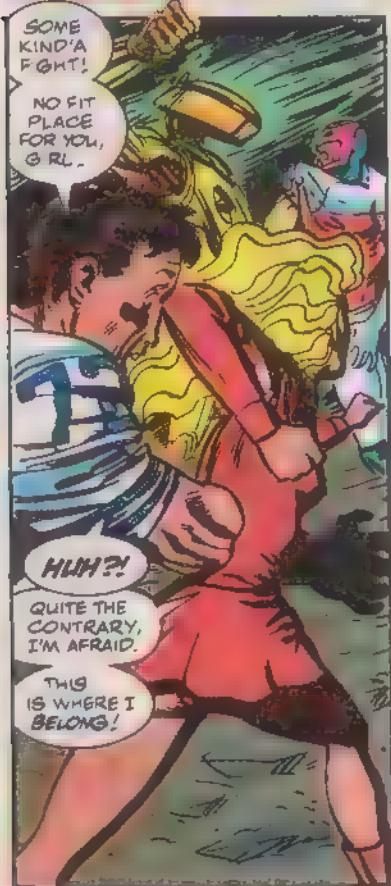
HALT!







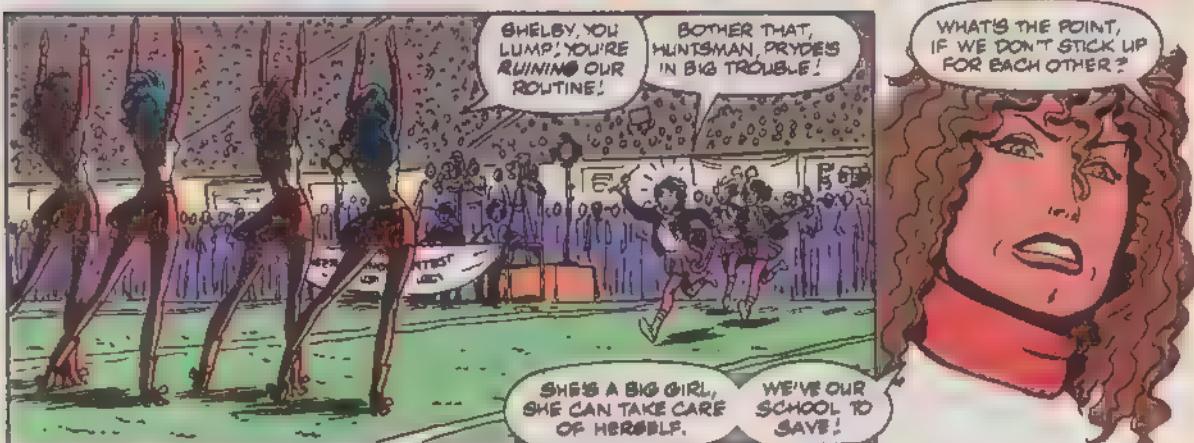






ASSUMING WE LIVE SO LONG.

SHELBY, THIS IS FINK-MINOR!



MARVEL
COMICS

BULLPEN BULLETINS

MARVEL
COMICS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes! Even though Christmas is behind us, big-hearted Marvel still has plenty of goodies in store for you! And here's where your old faithful Soapbox Santa clues you in to two new titles going on sale right now!

You've seen the ads! You've heard the name uttered in whispers! But now it's time to meet the newest, most exotically exciting superstar in the mighty Marvel firmament—the only super hero based on a real-life, flesh-and-blood human being—dazzling, dangerous, deadly—a smoldering, sizzling stick of human dynamite—the one and only NIGHT CAT!

Of course, the cat's manager, Dapper Don Kessler, and I have a somewhat selfish motive for pushing Night Cat's first issue since sneaky artist Denys Cowan actually drew us in as part of the story. Yours truly wrote the script, too, which could possibly change the complexion of the comic book industry for all time to

come! But don't let that discourage you—you can always just look at the pictures!

But hey, that's only half the excitement! Our whole blushing' Bullpen is turned on to



Troma Films' wild and wacky world-famous movie idol, TOXIC AVENGER, the super hero who makes Spider-Man seem like a well-adjusted average guy! In fact, we dig it so much that we made a deal with Lovable Lloyd Kaufman and the Magnanimous Michael Herz, The big-time movie producers who so unselfishly unleashed ol' Toxie on a defenseless public, a deal to publish his sensational screwy adventures in our maniacal style!

Be forewarned! Toxie is not your usual hero! In fact, he's not your usual anything. But this you can count on—NIGHT CAT and THE TOXIC AVENGER may turn out to be the most unexpected hits of '91, and, thanks to my legendary generosity, you're the first to hear of them!

Now, till next iss, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvell! (Instead of cluttering your mind with non-essentials!) Excuse!

Stan

I was a rainy day in New York. The kind of day when you could get wet just by walking outside. The man on the corner was selling umbrellas for five dollars each. I could usually talk him down to three. When I got home, I would throw it on the pile with the 300 other umbrellas I've managed to leave at home every time it rains. It seems to rain a lot in New York. Perhaps it's God's way of trying to give the city an acid bath. Perhaps not. That's not for me to say. Me, I'm just another private eye. They call me *Dodge Deadline*. Comic Book Detective.

It was a slow day at the office: I was just about to seriously consider calling up that guy on TV who makes the pitch for Apex Technical School. Then he walked in—Tom DeFalco, head honcho over at Marvel Comics. He had a problem, and he needed my help. Last month's Bullpen Bulletins Page had disappeared before it had ever seen print. He wanted me to find it. I took the case. Tom took the six-pack.

I headed uptown to the offices of Marvel Comics. If I was going to learn anything about the missing Bullpen Page, this was the place to do it. My first stop was the office of PUNISHER editor Don Daley.

Don told me he was exhausted—he was still resting up from the New York Runners Club's Midnight Run. That's a run that's held every year, beginning at exactly twelve midnight on New Year's Day. Don also entered the New York Marathon last year for the first time. It seemed like he'd been doing a lot of running lately. Just what exactly was he running from, anyway? I listed Don as a suspect, and moved on.

I stopped by Ralph Macchio's office, and found Ralph's assistant, Mike Heisler, still missing after a mysterious three-month absence. Heisler allegedly is taking some time off to do some freelance lettering, something about owing a debt to his uncle. Funny, I didn't know Heisler's uncle was named "Sam". Another potential suspect?

I stopped in to see Jim Salicrup, but he was so deliriously happy, he couldn't even

talk to me. *Dodge Deadline* It seemed one of Jim's freelancers, Fred Hembeck, recently had a baby with his lovely wife Lynn. The child was born on August 25th, and named Julie Elizabeth Moss Hembeck. That's a lot of names for a little kid. In his present state, there was no talking to Salicrup, so I made a mental note to track him down later.

I noticed my mental pen was getting low on mental ink, so I made another mental note to stop by a mental store later and pick up some more.

I headed over to see Craig Anderson, Marvel's resident vidiot. Craig gave me the lowdown on the new Silver Surfer home video game from Nintendo, and the Spider-Man home game from Sega-Genesis. Craig added that the Spider-Man hand-held game from Gameboy is also a big, big hit. Craig talked about a potential Spider-Man arcade game, but he seemed to be dodging the real issue. Did Craig know something about the missing Bullpen Page—something he wasn't telling me, *Dodge Deadline*?

Craig threw me a few names—Jim Starlin, George Perez. I caught them. He said they were working on a project which just might blow the lid off this whole case. But Starlin and Perez were nowhere to be found. Apparently they'd gone into hiding to work on this hush-hush project. All I found about this mystery project was that it involved a dangerous customer by the name of Thanos...as well as almost everybody in the Marvel Universe. Clearly I was on to something big...but that wasn't the case I was working on. I'd have to come back to that some other day. I still hadn't found that Bullpen Page.

Assistant Editor Chris Cooper walked by me, *Dodge Deadline*, in the hall. I overheard him tell fellow assistant, Len Kaminsky he'd never been mentioned in the Bullpen Page before. Len said that made two of them. Hmm—that gives them both motives, but very flimsy ones.

I started snooping around Bob Budiansky's office. But Bob wasn't talking. Neither was his assistant Tom Brevoort.

All I could get out of them was that they're doing a newsstand reprint of the four-issue DEATHLOK Limited Series, and working on the 1991 Marvel trading cards.

That was all well and good, but it didn't solve my case. I paid a visit to Epic Editor Marcus McLaurin, who was happy as a clamback about the fourth anniversary of the Comic Illustrators Guild at the Pratt School of Art and Design. It seems Marcus formed the club while in his senior year at the school, to pave the way for future generations of artists to get away with drawing comics in class.

He's one sharp cucumber, that Marcus, but no Bullpen Page-napper. Next I noticed his assistant, Marie Jenkins. Marie's wall is decorated with drawings of cows by some of the biggest names in comics. But Marie threatened to take down her Wall of Bountiful Bovines if she received no new submissions soon. Would Marie's wall come tumbling down? Unfortunately, I couldn't stick around to find out.

I could've pumped people at Marvel for answers all day, but I was cruising in the fast lane to nowhere. Everyone was a potential suspect. I decided I would switch tactics.

I charmed my way into Marvel's master computer file. If there was any trace left of the Bullpen Page, I knew I would find it here. I punched up the file, and there it was—the December Bullpen Page. It was just full of all kinds of incriminating evidence about the Marvel staff. If this thing ever saw print, it would destroy several careers, a couple marriages, and the noon trade at Slappy Sam's Eat 'n' Run. No wonder someone tried to suppress it. This thing was hotter than a jalapeno pepper in a sauna.

I decided to take the disc to DeFalco. If anyone knew I had this disc, I could start etching my own epitaph. Just then, I felt the cold steel of the barrel of a .45 press against the back of my neck...

IS THIS THE END OF DODGE DEADLINE?
YOU WISH

SOME OF US
HAVE FOUGHT
YOU BEFORE
FRAULEIN.

...AND ARE THEREFORE
AWARE THAT YOUR OWN
MUTANT ENERGY POWERS
ONLY WORK...

SEPARATE YOU BOTH
AND THAT THREAT IS
ELIMINATED.



...WHEN THE
PAIR OF YOU
ARE HOLDING
HANDS.

REMIN ME
NEVER TO TRY
THAT STUNT
AGAIN.



WHAT'S
THE MATTER
RUNNING OUT
OF LIVES?

YOUR
ENDS
BE, EVE YOU'RE
DEAD OR SOME-
THING I BET
THEY'LL BE GLAD
TO SEE YOU

YOU'RE
SHADOWCAT, YES?
I HEARD CAPTAIN
BRITAIN MENTION
YOUR NAME
PLEASSED TO MEET
YOU.

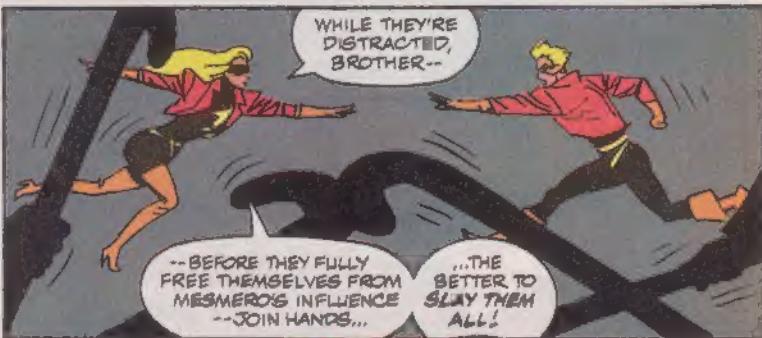
FOR MYSELF, I
TRULY APPRECIATE
YOUR LOENDING A
HAND, MAKES ME
REGRET WHAT
I HAVE TO DO
NEXT.

YOU SEE,
I CAN'T HAVE
YOU RUNNING
AROUND
LOOSE.

YOU'LL HAVE
TO JOIN YOUR
TEAMMATES
UNDER MY
HYPNOTIC
THRALL.

NOT TO WORRY, THOUGH I
PROMISE NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE.
MUCH.

GRRRRR!



AND
SO...

...AFTER THE VILLAINS HAVE BEEN HANDED OVER TO THE FAR MORE TENDER MERCIES OF SCOTLAND YARD, REPRESENTED BY C.I.D. COMMANDER DAI THOMAS...

OH, THAT'S
RICH!

TOO FLIPPIN'
MAGNIFICENT FOR
WORDS!

STADIUM MANAGERS OFFICE

LAUGH ANY HARDER, DAI, YOU'LL DO YOURSELF AN INJURY.

BE WELL WORTH IT, BRIGADIER.

IMAGINE-- EXCALIBUR SAVED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A SUPER-VILLAIN BY A GIRLS' SCHOOL PEP SQUAD!

MIND YOU, NOT ANY OLD SCHOOL, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT. I TOOK A PEEK AT THE SPECIAL BRANCH RECORDS, HAVE YOU ANY NOTION WHAT THIS SCHOOL'S DONE IN THE PAST?

WITH THEM ABOUT, WHO NEEDS THE PERISHING S.A.S.?



PROS WON. I FEEL Lousy.

IF YOU GUYS HADN'T QUIT THE FIELD, TO COME AFTER ME, THAT MIGHT'VE BEEN YOU.



IF NOT FOR YOU, WE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR IN THE FIRST PLACE.



PRYDE, HUNTSMAN, SHELBY--WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!

I AM NO 'MADAM', SIR, BUT HEADMISTRESS OF ST. SEARLES, OF WHICH THESE THREE ARE STUDENTS.

IF I MIGHT EXPLAIN, MADAM--

AND I ASKED THEM, NOT YOU!



HEARD OF YOUR TROUBLES. MS. ROSS SUGGESTED A SOLUTION--AND I LIKE IT.

YEOMAN NEED PERMANENT TRAINING FACILITIES.

YOU GOT SPACE. FIGURED I COULD LEASE IT.

AT A FEE WHICH WILL GUARANTEE ST. SEARLES SURVIVAL.

THAT IS, HEAD-MISTRESS, IF YOU AGREE.



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

...HOW CAN I REFUSE?



BUT IF YOU GIRLS--ESPECIALLY YOU, KATHERINE, AS RINGLEADER--THINK THIS SQUARES YOUR ACCOUNTS WITH ME...

...YOU'RE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN!

I'LL TELL HER LATER THAT I'LL BE GOING BACK WITH YOU GUYS.

EVEN THE BEST OF INTENTIONS DOES NOT EXCUSE SUCH CONDUCT.

AND YOU MAY REST ASSURED I SHALL FIND THE PUNISHMENT TO FIT YOUR CRIMES.

IN THE MEANWHILE, HOWEVER...

...I COULDN'T BE MORE GRATEFUL.

THANK YOU, DEAR ONES, WITH ALL MY HEART!

THE END.

SWORD STROKES

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

TERRY KAVANAGH
EDITOR
KELLY CORVESE
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Attention correspondents: If you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Now here this, loyal Marveloids! With the dawn of a new decade, we've decided to revamp and update our policy on the awarding of those nifty No-Prizes you hear mention of in many a Marvel mag. Henceforth, No-Prizes will be awarded for one thing and one thing only—meritorious service to *Marvel* above and beyond the call of duty. What constitutes "meritorious service?" Lots of things could! Like sending a box of comics to the children's wing of a hospital. Or compiling a chronological cross-title index to a character's appearances. Or coming up with an explanation for a major discrepancy in continuity. Your imagination's the limit. So if you think spotting a misspelled word or a miscolored boot is worth a No-Prize, you're living in the wrong decade!

Dear EXCALIBUR,

You just don't give anybody a break, do you, Mr. Claremont? For years, you've battered and tormented the X-Men, putting them through such hellish terrors as the Dark Phoenix Saga, Days of Future Past, Inferno, and not-to-mention killing them, while breaking our hearts as we see our beloved characters being rendered limb from emotional limb by a demon called Claremont. And loving every minute of it.

Now, you have taken our favorite British "supers"—namely Excalibur—through a tedious, lengthy, tiresome, weary, exhausting, really long (but fun, in a torturous kind of way) Cross-Time Caper, only to finally bring our team home, and then have Galactus knocking on their front door! If I didn't know you so well, Mr. Claremont, I'd say you have a wicked mean streak in you!

Tim Ellsworth
1721 30th St. N.W.
Canton, OH 44709

Glad you're enjoying EXCALIBUR, Tim! (At least, we think you're enjoying it...)

Dear Sword Strokes,

I have every issue of EXCALIBUR and love the comic. The art work is great and the covers are even better, but I think you should go back to the pictures on the back—my personal favorite was Phoenix on the back of issue #1.

I just finished issue #24 and am glad that Excalibur is finally back where they belong. I have something I'd like to point out—the Cross Time Caper was only supposed to last nine issues but ran on for thirteen. I'm not complaining—I thought the story was done very well and just thought I'd point that out.

I also have a question. In all the dimensions there was one thing missing from the other Excalibur teams—Phoenix. Why?! I really like Phoenix and would like to know.

I am also very confused about Phoenix's life so I am trying to get a hold of all the X-MEN that she's in. So far I have most of the X-MEN comics from issue #199, where she takes on the powers of Phoenix. I think there should be an issue of EXCALIBUR that

gives her origin or at least what she remembers.

Nathan Little
507 E. Oak Street
Lafayette, CO 80026

Well, Nathan, as we know from later issues of EXCALIBUR, Phoenix is the living embodiment of one of the primal forces. It stands to reason that such a force is one of the creative causes for the existence of all realities, and therefore can only exist once across all dimensions. Or—maybe the others were just visiting out-of-town relatives that day!

Watch for a complete explanation of Phoenix in these very pages within the year.

Dear EXCALIBUR,

After reading issue #23 I have just one thing to say to you... How dare you kill Kitty?! Excalibur without Shadowcat is like X-Men without Wolverine, or like X-Factor without Cyclops and Jean, or... well, I guess you get the point.

And another thing—I also read a letter in Sword Strokes in which somebody said that Nightcrawler should be the leader of Excalibur, and I couldn't disagree more. I strongly feel that Rachel should be the leader. I mean, just look at her. She looks like such a leader figure for the team. And she's so powerful it's cool. So until you kill off all the good members of Excalibur, keep up the excellent work and make mine Marvell!

Tracy Schmick
(Address Withheld by Request)

A Kitty did die—but only in an alternate dimension! Tracy, be assured that our Kitty still lives and will eventually be reunited with the rest of the team.

Kitty was the subject of much of our mail—seems there's some question about her age. In keeping with the new No-Prize policy announced above, we believe Kitty's age to be of some import.

Dear Fellow Members of the EXCALIBUR Team,

Guess what everyone, I think you made a slight boo-boo. In your EXCALIBUR #24, you celebrated Katherine's fifteenth birthday.

However, there is a slight discrepancy in the age of Katherine. In the UNCANNY X-MEN #196, you have Katherine saying that she's already fifteen years old. Page 15: "If I am a mutant, do you think it's wise to cross me? And if I'm not—how do you think assaulting a fifteen year old girl is going to look on your records? Let's call this quits, guys before things get out of ha-ACKGH!"

Solution: Kitty was actually fourteen plus some months old when she appeared in X-MEN #196. When she was cornered, she, like any teenager, would like to consider themselves a bit older by rounding up his or her age. Plus, Katherine was trying to get herself out of a jam when she was in possible trouble.

So, what do ya' think... a No-Prize?!

John Tze-Chang Wu
aka Briareos Hecatonchires
(No address on letter)

John, your explanation makes perfect sense! A super special, limited edition, one-of-a-kind No-Prize would be speeding its way toward you at this very moment. If we had your address! Hey, everybody! Please be sure that your address appears on all letters you send to us. It will be cheerfully withheld upon request!

Dear Sirs,

Kitty Pryde is only 15 years old? I initially thought her to be at least twenty-ish. Boy. You learn something new every day.

Well, we've arrived at the end of yet another storyline. I reckon it was a wise move, I was quite pleased with the outcome. It maintained my interest completely during the run (#14 was my favorite) but I think it's now time to move on, I'm sure you guys have a lot of other great yarns nipping at your gizzards. Can't wait to hear them.

I think Courtney's and Kitty's night on the town in issue #24 showed a lot about Kitty's personality. It seems she isn't cut out for that sort of life. But I think that could provide an interesting story or two. Kitty, being much younger than I previously surmised, has much to learn about herself and the world although she is very mature for her age. All teenagers need their parents whether they think they do or not. Courtney could be a good substitute. The two of them are different enough that it just might work. I don't suggest that Courtney be too motherly but she should be a good, older friend that can lend a guiding hand when Kitty needs it, whether or not she thinks she needs it.

I liked the super types they ran into. Bring them for a short visit to Earth. Centurion Britannus, Lady London, Chevalier Bretagne and Captain Cymru would make a good regular team for Excalibur to encounter.

Lastly, but definitely not leastly, we have Galactus! My oh my, we've got problems right here in River City! Last time I saw him, it took the entire FF, Thor and Iron Man to stop him and they're pretty heavy duty guys. Let's hope Excalibur comes out of it intact. Or did the recent events in FANTASTIC FOUR take place after what is going to happen to Excalibur?

Keep up the X-cellent work!

Christopher Dain Burton
(No address on letter)

Let's remember, when it comes to Kitty's age and her appearance, Christopher, she is a mutant!

And finally, for all you Kitty Pryde/Shadowcat fans out there—good news! There's a new fanzine and fan club devoted especially to Shadowcat: Soulmates! You can write to the following addresses for more information:

Jeffrey C. Young, Editor/typist
3401 Oxford Valley Rd. #G-3
Levittown, PA 19057-3502

Robert J. Spassov, President
7097 Dolphin St.
Bolivar, OH 44612-9614

Marson Fedrick, Vice President
Rt. One, Box 615
Waynesboro, MS 39367